## LANCASTER, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, DEC. 27, 1855.

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SED: W. MAC ELROY, EDITOR ANDPROPRIETOR.

Thursday Morning, Dec. 27, 1855

O blame me not, oh blame me not, There's anger on thy brow-

If I have erred in loving him Blame me not for it new-For earth with all its lovely things Is passing swift away— The winds have chilled the flowers, and Boon, soon, shall be as they.

"Twee vain to tell, when morning breaks, How bright, glad thoughts of him Pitt this young heart and sweetly bleed With visions wild and dim, How every breeze that fans my cheek Or song that greets my ear,

Of him, to me so dear. When eve with centle stops steal forth And crowns with stars her brow. What trombling, thrilling swootne With memory of the vow

In low, sweet, earnest tone. He called me his own beauteous star, His dearest one, his own. Oh! blame me act for loving him

The' we are severed now, For I have striven to forget-And I am striving now: But sooner far will every chain That binds to earth be riven, Than I fo got the smile that taught My heart to know its heaven.

HARDINSSURGH, Kentucky. The Beechgrove Family.

'So you think, my lad, that you would be quite happy, if you had such a hall as that we passed this morning, with a park of old trees and a lake with swans, and a terraced garden, and pheasants feeding, and crowing in every covert. Ay, but you're wrong, my lad. It isn't halls or parks, or anything that money can buy, that can make you happy.'

The speaker was a white haired hale

old man, with that clear tinted complexion that speaks of an active and not too hard a life spens out of door. From his dress he might have been a small farmer, or a head gamekeeper, or a bailiff, or chief gardener and from his way of speaking, it seemed as if he had been in the habit of conversing with his superiors, and had caught up some of their phrases and tones.

Why, here, he said, pulling out of his pocket a printed auctioneer's catalogue, here is a paper I picked up in the bar of the station hotel, that tells a very different story of the Place where I passed more. than fifty years of my life."

There was not a prettier estate in this county than Beechgrove Park. A thousand acres in a ring fence, beside common rights and other property that went with it. It was in the family of Squire Corburn, they say, for five hundred years.—But the last three squires dipped it each deeper than the other; for they all drank and they all played deep, and drinking and dice don't go well together. Squire Andrew—he was the last-lived as his forefathers had done; kept his hounds and four-in-hand, and had open house always at race time, and strong ale and bread and cheese for every one that called any day in the week; all which would not have hust him so much if he had not always had either the dice-box or the brandy bottle in either the dice-box or the brandy bottle in his hand. He was the last of a had sort who were called jolly good fellows, because they flung their money about to every lad and lass that would join their mad, wicked pranks.

Well, one evening he rolled off the softs, after dinner; and before his poor wife could unloose his handkerchief, he was dead.

dead. Then it turned out that, for three years, he had only been living at the Place on sufferance, that everything there, land, house furniture, pictures, horses, carriages—belouged to old lawyer Rigors, of Blexborough. Squire Corburn left ac sons, only two daughters. So the poor lady gathered up the little there was left to her, with a small income the Squire could not touch,

and was never seen no more.

My father was bailiff over the home My father was bailiff over the farm under Squire Corbura, and I was his deputy, so you may believe we had a

The old lawyer had the character

for; it turned out that he had left a curious will that no one could understand, with all sorts of directions; but above all, a great income and one of his best estates to Kitty for life, if she did not marry. They say the look the Squire gave Kitty, when the will was read, was awful. And that he fluid was read, was awful. And that he fluid was read, was awful. And that he fluid was read of the room without noting the look of the room with the room without noting the look of the room without noting the look of the room without noting the look of the room without n flung out of the room without noting the hand-Kitty, who was always a friendly

soul-held out to him. Now, when the old lawyer died, I will say there was not a more beautiful place in the kingdom. You went up a drive through the little park, after passing the lodge-gate, under an avenue of beech and oak trees-that led straight to the lake fed by the springs that flowed out in a water-fall and went murmuring along for miles; stream swarming with trout. On the other side the lake was the Place, a stone house, standing behind some terraced gardens that led down to the water, with rich pati-colored beds dotting over the green lawns flanked by groves and bright ever-greens. Behind the house the lawns and gardens rolled until bounded by plantations where vistas opened views of the distant hills and the pasture fields of the home

farm. The range of walled gardens were placed on the warm, south side, quite out of sight; there the best fruittrees had been grown ever since the monks made the gardens. The old lawyer spent thousands in building graperies and pineries, for he prided himself on having the best of everything.

To walk out on autumn evening on

those terraced gardens, all red and gold and green with flowers, turf, and evergreen, and see the lake where the coots and wild ducks played, and the swans sailed proudly, and the many colored trees of the park, where the pet deer lay or browsed, with everything as perfect as men & money, scythes and brooms and weeders, could make it. Often I was up by day break to see that gardeners make all ready for lawyer Rigors to see when he came from his annual London visit.

And the house was a fine old place with suites of rooms, one leading from another, without end, and a great hall and a long gallery, where the tamily portraits hung, and the lawyer put up a billiard-table, where he and his friends played in wet

weather.
The old lawyer was buried before the letter telling of his death reached his son, so Mrs. Kitty cleared and went to her jointure house, and from that up to London, where she met young Mr. Rigors, and

heard the will read. We had orders to get all ready to receive him. I mind as if it was vesterday, seeing the big travelling coach, piled with trunks and imperials, come up the avenue and wind round the lake as fast as four horses the perquisites. wind round the lake as fast as four horses the perquisites.

can trot. The children had their faces I lived in one of the park lodges, and all out of the windows, wild with delight, and in a minute after the coach stopped at the hall door, the boys were out and over the gardens pulling the fruit, and into the stables, and then back to the house, and

forward. He liked his book and hated the bottle.

When lawyer Rigors married Kitty Carter, the profit or what at any rate, the mester fancied to be a profit. He took a Inney to me from the first, because you see I was a sort of Jack of all trades, and did not mind went abroad, traveling in foreign parts—
France, Italy, and such like; for the old gentleman made there all hand of balliff. We had a deal of fruit to sell in Blexborough, when this could,—was taken sick, lingered for several months, and died.

Of course the young Squire was sent for; it turned out that he had left a curious will that no one could understand, with a new could was a consequence. It is not the sent to far should the duty of being non-price or what at any rate, the mester fancing right on the wind quot Dime cash for a brood mare that trace to be all the duty of being non-price or what at any rate, the mester fancied to be a profit. He took a Inney to me that a range of the will day breat, when they were not griditron. Georgy, Molly, and you, Dime cash for a brood mare that trace to be all the duty of being non-priced to make a good broof, and while you are doing that, I will show you the doing that they were not griditron. Georgy, Molly, and you, Dime cash for a brood mare that trace to be all the control of the mark a good broof, and while you are doing that they you are doing that they you are doing that they were not while you are doing that they you are few that they you are for the money, an But, bless you he'd never listen to any common sense, for I believe the truth was he could not bear to put money out of his pocket, and many and many a time, when ne wouldn't order a joint of meat from the butcher's, he'd have a pork, that, what with one experiment or another, would

cost him a shilling the pound. One day he made up his mind to break up a fine mere of land to plough. Says I, "we want some horses very bad, Squire, for that stiff clay."

or that stiff clay."
"Why, Robin," says he-my name's Robin Spudder-"haven't you the four horses?"

"Lord, sir," says I, "they're no good at all. They may do in the light caris, or for harrowing, tho' that wasn't what they were meant for, but for ploughing, you see, you want some weight and substance and it's my belief you'll kill the horses, and do no good to the laud."

The Squire was a mild spoken gentle

nan, unless you put his back up; but when said this, his eyes flared like a forcing furnace. Says he, "Robin, are you in a conspiracy to ruin me like the rest? Those horses cost my father four hundred pounds and you told me yourself they would not fetch twenty pounds a piece, and now you want me to buy more!"

Well, it was no use saying anything, for I dare not tell him that he had ruined the poor brules with feeding them on a mess of potatoes and chaff-sluff, he had learned

out of a French book.

Another time I've known him sooner than give on order for a load of coals, make me cut down two ornamental trees.

So, you see, we lived on the farm vegetables, poultry that did'nt sell, skimmilk, all the cream went for butter; pork, and such old fat wethers as were not for market. I used to be sorry for the poor children, walking among the finefruit and not allowed to touch so much as an apple, unless it was bruised, and obliged to be content with dry bread, when we were making pounds and pounds of fine butter; talking among themselves how different it was when their poor Ma was alive.

But they were so young that they did not feel the change much, as long as they could play about; and, of course, when heir father's back was turned, they had the best of evrything. We servants, out

The old lawyer had the character of being a hard man in business, and had mortgages over half the estates in the country; but as soon as Beechgrove came into his possession he altered his ways, retired from business, kept on all the old head servants, and carried on everything much the same as before; only as all was done in perfect order, he got more for his mensy, except that he parted with the hounds, he put down no part of the Corburn state.—

the gardens pulling the true, man state, and then back to the house, and running races through the corridors.

At first, the young Squire, as we still called him, kept up something of his father's style, though he put down four horizontal true was always trying some new-langled plans, and never stuck to any of 'em long enough to make 'em pay. He used to read something out of a book; and come down full of it, and try it, if it could be done without laying out too much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something elication.

college long enough; though he never becare a parson, nor did he agree at all with his father. He used to be away a good many of the fancy beds for flowers were dealy to be and a green and such like. The last to be away a good dealt, traveling, tutil his father come into the property. Then he returned with his wife, a very nice lady.

The latter and son, whom we all called the young Squire, did not get along at all together—they were so different. The old lawyer was loud, noisy, and hearty; the young Squire was pale, shy, and silent—He had not married according to his father of liking, and he did not push himself forward. He lated his book and hated the bottle.

The latter and son who we was parson, the park is was grazed down to the bare roots with stock at so much a head, until the series of the park is was grazed down to the bare point, it was grazed down to the bare roots with stock at so much a head, until together—they were so different. The old lawyer was loud, noisy, and hearty; the young Squire was pale, shy, and silent—He had not married according to his father? Waster Ruper and the key was pale of the son the next time I was the son that the was grazed down to the bare point, it was grazed down to the bare together—they were so different. The old lawyer was loud, noisy, and hearty; the young Squire was pale, shy, and silent—He had not married according to his father.

Everything was left to fall to rack and for what his green bottle.

Everything was left to fall to rack and profit or what at any rate, the mrster fare bottle.

The tather and son, whom we all called the park is was pale of the park is ward to the sample of the park is

lieve the Squire leved his children dearly; could hear the last verse as we came up ginning of our froubles.

but he was so busy saving up money for the avenue. 'What's that?' said the Squire.

Every year the Squire seemed to grow them, and he was so severe with them about every trifle, and always lecturing the saving up to the saving the saving tricker. He could not help it; for, though the saving tricker. When we turned into the home-farm was miserably managed, he

said so if he had known my young mas-tors—Rupert, and Charles, and Norman. ful voices. He flurg open with the heavy not busy on the farm, looking over parch-Rupert was proud naturally, he could not Rupert was proud naturally, he could not door, and cried in a voice of dismay and ments, and counting up money, and pack-do what his father did. I've seen him cry rage, 'What's all this? Who dated do ing it up to take to the Blexborough Bank. very much. Mr. Charles lost his chearful with shame and vexation when the Squire has taken him with us to market to drive the old pheeton, and be has heard his father disputing about a groat in the bill with the inkeeper. For we used to take our own did it all. I am going to leave you, sir, whispers, or just Ay and Nay, before him, asked him for money. It seemed to me chaff, and a sprikling of oats in a bag, and on a long journey, and thought I should though they could haugh loud enough bea deal of sauce, because Squire Skinflint, my mother's fortune, which you must pay like roses! but estange and wild in their anyhow Mr. Charles voice was raised .go five miles round, and creep over any hedge on horseback, to avoid a turnpike.

Many a time at a crowded fair we have Many a time at a crowded fair we have been turned out by landlords saying, "I stepping back apace, and turning from red can't afford to take in folks that neither cat to white; 'don't strike me, or you'll repent old hall. They were at the age when sor-

oan't afford to take in folks that neither eat nor drink."

But for all that, the Squire was not a bad man to the poor—far from it; and would come down handsome at times, by fits and starts, if there was any case of distress. But his whole mind seemed eat up

Ha furnished the best rooms; sugged a five rate cook; laid in some famous wine in addition to the old stock; and by these means, with a first make up with figots and clay one old stock; and by these means, wine an applicant to represent the control of the contr

them about one thing or another, that they feared him too much to love him.

Lord Splandash says, I am told, that all children are alike. He would not have all children are alike. He would not have

feed outside the town, near a haystack, in like to give my brothers and sisters and hind his back, -- joking with the lads, who come off right. fine weather, and stood out all the time. old friends one farewell feast after years of made an excuse to call, when they knew Well, on Sanday-it was in November-In wet weather we were obliged to put up starvation; and if you grudge it me, why the Squire was at market or bank. Oh, for the first time I heard Mr. Charles and at an Inn; and then we had to bear with then you can deduct it from my share of but they were bouny lasses, with color the Squire at something like high words;

But it was too men for him at last.—
He dook too draking, and played such tricks with low company, that he want better. The cold lawyer had a dozen, one for each tricks with low company, that he want better or clee no one would buy six and hams, and all that could be week, they done, was dropped of his new friends for, although they might pardon strange below. He did not say this at first, but he histord outright, the Squire, you see, was quite a bookman; and when he best you had been dead to the book was the part of the doubt of the consensual the part of the cold is a shall expect the house well kept in dairy and poultry, and the land in hand to pay a law that some remembered as an office-boy in that some remembered as an office-boy in the day here would be jolly with him, and ended by marrying the daughter and Barwotock here would be jolly with him, and ended by marrying one of the Swan Ian, a bouncing girl of eighteen.

Now, the lawyer had a son whom he had brought up for the chiurch, and was at colled as was and at the found much better. The coust did he was seven or gave no milk, and the dairy maids stole the day the said ground have the best you and hams, and all that could have the cloud be yound, had been one would be went, they they had be they not may be be let, and the fruit and vegetables sold.

He did not say this at first, but he histord could be in the could was for the word, but got up at the end of the week, they then the sold, and serving and striving, and serving and they might be day more than ever. I think my though they might be day one of themselves, was never so hope, and all that could was dock and hams, and all that could have word, but got up at the end of the week, they then the first and the f

creep into church ashamed, for they knew they were gen lefolks, and did not like being so shabby.

Than n ver went to school; the Squire could not bear the idea of the expense.—
First be taught them bimself; then he found in the next parish, a curious sori of a smirify old man, to teach boys and girls. But they only made fun of him, and did not learn much, I doubt, except Charles.—
Then he got a cheap governess for the lart.
Then he got a cheap governess for the lart much the counting in the next parish, except Charles.—
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dies; but she did not like the living, and marriel Bob Cannon, the forester. I be-

way as any young jillies, and no one to So I stood in the shade of the long gallery habit; or playing hide-and-seek round the

would come down bandsome at times, by fits and starts, if there was any case of diases the perquisites.

I lived in one of the park lodges, and many at time the children. He used continually to say, "You see they're five of them; and my made mysel, and many at time the children was not so poor."

You see they're five of them; and my made mysel, and many at time the children was not so poor.

Now, when Master Rupert grew to be there taw tith us than they were allowed at home. The worst of it was, the Squire was always trying some new-fangled plans, and never stuck to any of 'em long enough to make 'em pay. He used to read something out of a book; and come down full of its and try it, if it could be done with an before it was half done, he tried something out of a book; and come down full of its and try it, if it could be done with an before it was half done, he tried something out to much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something out to much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something out to much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something out to make 'em pay. He used to read something out of a book; and come down full of its and tried, the tried in the part of horses left. I rank bow they may before it was half done, he tried something out to much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something the wind and the before it was half done, he tried something out to much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something out to much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he tried something the before it was half done, he

They wern't dressed like other children.—
The boys always the same conductors, excepton Sundays; and then they were these

yards and round the house, and made them

ness he died of. I found the letters under would bring out of the pocket. If the until they were too short in the arms and the legs by half a yard. The poor, young ladies were in the same way, always cotton gowns and common straw bonneis, and their hair cut short like boys, nalid they were quite big girls. They used to on the cask nine vy years old." So you precessions to be a gentleman; and furall the time their tongues were slowly, ereep into church ashamed, for they knew may believe they all drank. He made the ther said be should enter some other registandy ou, but never about any hing that

> likely to make the used to say when Charles was getting ready on the bullstops to go home on Monday night, Good bey, good boy ; if all your speculations come off ight, you'll have alt I have."

How much may that be father? Mr.

said so if he had known my young mas- long the passage came the gabble of cheer- up all night besides the day, when he was then went back into the parior, rubbing his

Give my hard-exped money to a nucle about their ears, rnd just an old shawl or of scoundrels, thieves? No Charles, no; a horse-rug round their feet, instead of a not a penny. It will be better for you to- I could not catch the last word; but Mr. Charles screamed Never! in such as voice that I did not forget, and heard in my dreams often after. They ceased then, but began again after supper, with the

The next morning I went to call Mr. Charles, as usual, to go with me in the market-cart, to town. His door was fast, I knocked. No answer. Something misgave me, so I got one of the boys to climb up to the window with a ladder, and get, n by breaking a pane. As soon as the boy got in, he began to hollow and shreiter so I put my shoulder to the door and burst it in. Sure enough Mr. Charles had hung himself and was dead and cold. He'd never been a bed, but sat up writing a dearing up papers. I could just read a half a dozen times written over, I through Beggar-My poor with I have a knew he was married before. out Cogoladed on fourth pager have

รู้สักข้าง โดยตราจทัศนาดเลย ใช้ การใน ใช้ ว่างาว จริงกรุ การวาสสารที่ การใน